

Randall A. Terry

**ACCESSORY  
TO**  
*Murder*

The Enemies,  
Allies, And Accomplices  
To The Death of Our Culture

*Written From A Prison Work Camp*

---

## *A LETTER FROM JAIL*

**D**ear Beloved,  
Greetings in the name of Jesus from the Parker Center Jail in Los Angeles, California.

It is now Monday, March 27, 1989, 1:30 P.M. I am presently being held behind bars, sharing a cell with three other pro-lifers. This has been a most challenging, exciting, and at times fearful week.

I knew we were in for a battle when, upon our arrival in Los Angeles, the Ramada Inn canceled the room reservations for all Operation Rescue participants. However, due to the hard work and quick efforts of our local staffers, we were able to secure alternative facilities immediately. Thank God.

On Wednesday afternoon, we held our first press conference. The room was filled with numerous radio, newspaper, and television media. I approached the microphones with seven or eight cameras rolling and said, "I appreciate your coming today. This story is not about Randall Terry nor is it about Operation Rescue. It is about little children brutally murdered. I believe many of you want to report this story with integrity. All I ask is that you show the American public the truth and let them decide how they feel." At that point Gary Leber brought up Baby Choice in a white coffin and, placing her on a table to my left, opened the lid. I continued, "This is Baby Choice. She was murdered by a salt solution at nineteen weeks. She will answer all your questions." The rest of the staff and I then walked out of the room.

The media's reaction was not what I expected. As I proceeded into the parking lot, they ran after me, yelling questions, demanding answers, and accusing us of staging a media stunt. Many were enraged. Just before I reached the van, one reporter screamed, "Why won't you answer our questions?" "My question is," I responded, stopping dead in my tracks, "will you show the American public this murdered baby girl?"

The media then returned to the conference room, and they did photograph and film *Baby Choice*. To my knowledge, however, no television station or newspaper had the integrity to show these pictures of truth to the American people. This reaffirmed my belief that the print and picture media are the greatest perpetrators of the holocaust. They are willfully deceiving the American people. They showed our men being killed in Vietnam; they show bloodied accident victims and murdered born victims; but they refuse to show murdered unborn children.

### **Holy Week Persecution**

That week, I experienced the most hostile and vicious criticism of my entire life. One local television station ran two nights of venom-filled editorials railing against me personally. During the next three days of rescues, I refused to talk with any media except to say, "Stop hiding the truth from the American public. Show the murdered baby boys and girls." We understand that two television stations did show footage of our pictures of murdered babies. For this we are grateful, but there remains much more to be shown.

*Wednesday.* On Wednesday night, March 22, our first rally was attended by over seventeen hundred people. For many of those present, this was their first exposure to the Rescue Movement. About four hundred and fifty of these committed to rescue the following morning.

*Thursday.* As we gathered at a local church early Thursday, we were greeted by the proaborts. These death activists proceeded to block off both ends of the street and thus prohibited us from departing for the abortion mill. When the police warned them that if they failed to move their cars they would be subject to arrest and their cars would be towed, they backed down and removed their vehicles. (Had

---

they not, we were ready to move them ourselves with over forty husky volunteers.)

We then traveled to one of the most notorious abortion mills in the country—owned by one of the most notorious murderers<sup>1</sup> in the country, Edwin Allred. This death merchant operates over thirty abortion mills, has murdered thousands of children, and reportedly has killed three mothers in the process. We were determined to rescue there.

We were able to block access to the doors for several hours. Our sidewalk counselors turned away at least two women. By noon, however, the authorities had removed all our people. Thirty children a day are scheduled to be killed at this mill. We had hoped to stop all killings here today; but tragically, nine mothers were determined to have their children murdered and did enter the mill. We thank God for the children who were rescued and the mothers who were spared exploitation. We mourn for those children who died.

At this rescue site in Cypress, the police acted professionally. Our people were issued a citation and released Thursday afternoon. That evening, over eight hundred people attended the rally. Of these, six hundred affirmed that they were willing to risk arrest to rescue children the following day.

**Good Friday.** On Good Friday in Long Beach, these six hundred were joined by two hundred and fifty screaming proaborts. We were still able to close the mill for the entire day without any arrests. The proaborts told bold-faced lies (as usual), stating that this wasn't an abortion facility and that no abortions were scheduled. Then a pro-abortion activist attorney tried to force the police to open a path through the rescuers by claiming that he had two women who wished to enter the mill for abortions. Unfortunately, the media continued to parrot the pro-abortion rhetoric. Despite the proabort deception, one woman who was scheduled to have her child killed did change her mind and chose life for her baby.

Friday's rally was attended by over two thousand people. We held a memorial service for "Baby Choice." This was one of the most moving services we've ever held. Each individual was asked to come forward to view her body, and all were touched by the reality that we were responsible for her murder.

Following the service, as I began to preach, three proaborts in the back of the church ignited a smoke grenade. Fortunately, our people

---

didn't panic; and a courageous pastor grabbed the grenade and rushed outside. A few pro-lifers then chased the three proaborts. They were able to apprehend them and hold them until the police arrived to make the arrests. Fortunately, the grenade had not emitted enough smoke to force an evacuation of the building; and the rally continued with over eight hundred committing to rescue the next day.

*Saturday.* Saturday's rescue was the most intense rescue I have ever participated in. There were nearly four hundred proaborts intermingled with the rescuers. They screamed, yelled, chanted, and howled each time we led in song or issued instructions. A few members of the Communist Revolutionary Party were pushing or shoving rescuers. The hatred (perhaps born of desperation?) on the faces and in the words of the proaborts startled many rescuers.

The police arrived slowly over a two-hour period. Eventually, there were two dozen mounted police and over two hundred uniformed officers on the scene. All were wearing riot gear. The warning of imminent arrest cleared the area of all proaborts.

I was shocked at what occurred next. An officer on the scene ordered his men to employ indiscriminate pain compliance on all rescuers regardless of sex or age. Our women and elderly had their arms twisted, their fingers bent, their backs stepped upon. The police literally stopped at nothing in their efforts to force the rescuers to walk.

One woman's arm was broken. Another man blacked out from the pain and was removed from the scene in an ambulance. Many had fingers shoved up their nostrils as policemen lifted them up by their noses. Others had knuckles pressed into their eye sockets. I've never seen anything like it.

The police waded through the crowd almost immediately, dragging me out and dropping me on my face in the street. I have neither prayed so fervently nor felt so much pain in a long time. These sentiments were echoed by hundreds of others who also suffered at the hands of this unprofessional police force.

One elderly woman in her sixties was among the first arrested. The police twisted her arms and employed many other pain compliances upon her, but she refused to move. Her spirit prevailed. She would not walk. As the rescuers watched her courage in the face of the brutality, more were determined not to walk away from the murder scene. As the policemen looked on, many were moved to tears.

---

The police then carried me to the bus where I sat and waited, separated from the other rescuers. It was here that I had the most heart-wrenching experience I have had in many years. As I sat, I heard a fellow rescuer ask a simple question of one police officer, "Why are you doing this?" The officer responded, "I'm just doing my job." These words were a dagger in my heart. In a moment of time, I imagined police officers, not unlike these, in the not-too-distant future, dragging away my children from their home for God knows what reason and hearing the policeman echo, "I'm just doing my job." I began to sob as I realized how much was at stake for my children's future, for your children's future. I felt that those were the most damning words of all time, "I'm just doing my job." Roman soldiers said it. German policemen said it. I wept and wept as I thought of what a fearful time we live in. God help us.

Once in custody, I was again separated from the other rescuers and not allowed to communicate with the rescue leadership. The authorities charged me and three others with felony conspiracies to commit misdemeanor trespass. Absurd, isn't it?

That day nearly eight hundred rescuers were arrested, handcuffed, and taken to a local gymnasium. Because several of us had extra charges and several more had been taken down to the city jail, over 420 rescuers stood in solidarity and refused to give their names. As of right now, there are four hundred still in custody. Their spirits are high; the worship and preaching have been anointed. I trust that these seeds of sacrifice will bring forth fruits of fresh courage across this country. These things have not occurred in a corner.

### **The Heat Is Rising**

My hope is that all of us will be freed within the next twenty-four hours—on our own recognizance and with all felony charges dropped. This is our goal.

This has been one of the most intense weeks in my life. Our enemies now take us very, very seriously. A proabortion spokesperson has declared on the evening news that they intend to pursue me with Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO) charges and to prosecute me for the transportation of "fetal parts" across state lines. Planned Parenthood reportedly bragged that they will crush us within one year. The National Abortion Rights Action

---

League (NARAL) has now launched a two-million-dollar advertising campaign designed to mask the reality of baby-killing. The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) has joined the fray and filed suit against us here in California. The NOW has added me to their RICO suit against Joe Scheidler in Chicago.

Our enemies now realize the impact of the Rescue Movement; thus, their efforts to thwart us are growing more and more desperate.

But, by the grace of God, as we keep our faces low and continue in obedience to Him, the gates of hell shall not prevail against us. We will continue to mobilize the church and other pro-life Americans, bringing thousands of pastors and tens of thousands of new rescuers into the Rescue Movement until we have crushed legalized child-killing. Planned Parenthood, the NOW, the ACLU, NARAL, and their allies, in their arrogance, are no match for the living God.

Please pray for us. The heat of this battle has risen beyond our expectations, and it only promises to get hotter.

With Christ in the battle for life,  
Randall A. Terry  
National Director

P.S. I'm out of jail. Everyone was released without paying bail. Again, please pray for us as you stand for the children and with us. God bless you.

---